"And God bless Uncle Harry and his roommate Jack, who we're not supposed to talk about."

November 14, 1976

Dear Fife Whatserface,

I'm giving you fair warning that I'm going to be in the bay area during the first week of December. You have two weeks to get ready. There's no time for a blepharplasty, you fool, just clean up your room! I have a 2-week vacation starting on November 28 and I'll be driving up the coast (looking for hitchhikers) with a stopover in San Luis Obispo, maybe one in Carmel, at least one in Santa Cruz before I hit San Jose, about Dec 2 or 3.

If I'm treated nicely in San Jose I may stay for a couple of days. You never can tell. I'm a very busy person, you know. Then I'll be moving on to visit Curtis in Marin and others further north. I'm sort of looking for an "alternative living situation". I'll tell you all about that when I see you.

Enclosed is copy of a newspaper clipping about the misfortunes of a jogger whom we took care of in our E.R. I've been wanting to urge you to take up jogging.

Also enclosed is a program from Les Ballet Trockadero de Monte Carlo, which I ~~have~~ had the pleasure of seeing when they were in San Diego. They just keep on trocking. A new dimension in ballet — outrageous, but new. Anyhow, I was going to urge you to take up ballet between jogs, but nevermind!

I really have nothing more to say, but that, in itself, has never stopped me before - besides I wanted to put more on this page than "Sincerely, Jes".

Thoughts on the election — "Oh yuck! Oh fuck, even!" I voted for Gene McCarthy. And can you believe that the people of California actually elected S. I. Whatshisname to the U. S. Senate. I may leave the state for the next 6 years. (Don't get excited - I'm kidding)

And what do you get when you cross "Governor Cardah" with Governor Brown? Are you ready? Send me me

Well, try to get your acne cleared up before I get there. You know how I hate those Clearasil smudges on my clothing.

Outrageously yours,

Jes